

"It isn't that. But once, after I knew his greatness, I heard him speak of his dislike for a brilliant woman we both knew. He disliked her because she had disowned her mother. He wrote my great play, and in it he heaped his scorn upon a child who was ungrateful to her poor, toil-scarred parents. Nightly I had to play that part, had to suffer horribly in silence, for I knew then I loved him.

"But I thought he did not know of my past and I was careful not to—let—him—learn about—you.

"In a way I tried to justify myself. God knows I tried to hold your love. I sent money—"

"As if we could have accepted it!"

"You sent it back. I was proud. My work swallowed me up and I drifted away. My love for him has made me see it all over again oh, so clearly. And then one night—we had eaten together—I humbled my pride and told him of my love. Mother, I was frightened; I am getting old; I knew this was the only love that would ever come into my life.

"I told him and he replied that he knew about you. Then I abased my pride and pleaded with him. He caught me in his arms and kissed me—then he put me away.

"He said he had grown to love me in spite of himself, but that he would never marry a woman such as I."

The hardness came back into the older woman's eyes.

"So," she said, "you have come here to make a dicker?" The ac-

tress threw herself forward and hid her face upon her mother's knees.

"Don't you see, mother," she cried, "that I haven't come for that? That now, even if he asked it, I couldn't be his wife unless I were your little girl again?" Her shoulders shook with sobbing.

The mother bent forward over the bright head, her lips quivering curiously.

"Mary!" And the word cracked with its weight of love.

—O—O— "TAINT POSSIBLE."

Prince Troubetsky, the Russian artist, is going to make a bust of John D. Rockefeller. Who'd a thought you could bust him. Here Goes:

Long years ago,

(This is no kid)

They tried to bust

John D. they did,

But those who tried

(Sad to relate)

Would they themselves

Combusticate,

And even since,

Those who have tried

To bust John D.

Have either died

Or been quite badly

Ly mused around

And left uncon-

scious on the ground.

But should this Rus-

ian chap succeed

In busting John

We'll laugh indeed.

—O—O—
Smugglers are not the only people who shirk their duty.